

THE
Confinement.
A
POEM,
WITH
Annotations.



LICENSED.

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. C. 1679.

THE

Conjunct.

POEM.

WITH

Annotations.



LICENCED.

By J. E. E. E.

LONDON:

Printed for C. C. 1679.

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A
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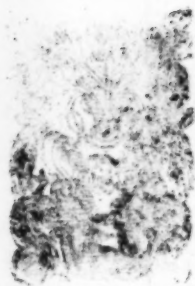


L O N D O N
Printed by J. C. 1679.

1847

Memorandum

MEMORANDUM



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THE Confinement.



Left Liberty, that Patents dost disperse
To make us Denizens, o' th' Universe:
The first great *Magna Charta* of us all;
Till Tyranny did Innocence inthrall.

(Not valued till thou'rt gone) what feat shall I,
For to express thy loss, in shackles tye?
Granted alike thou wert, to Man and Beast;
Freedom, to both was equally express;
And by them both enjoy'd; until the first
Made in himself, his fellow-creatures curst,

The Confinement.

And lose that stamp, by which they might have gon }
As free as *Cain*, when wandering not one }
Durst stop, or injure, for the mark was known. }

Close by the Lyon, you the Lamb might see
Lye down, and fairly bear him company.

Fearless of an arrest, ^{*A Hackman*} ~~see~~ to be made,

Were all his pawes, in their full length displaid,

And the Dove, jointly with the Eagle spye,

Not fearful of his Talons, for to flye.

Captives to none, though Subjects unto Man,
Who nourisht, but not prey'd upon them then.

Till by surprise, to Sin a Pris'ner made,

He them enclos'd, on them too yokes he lay'd.

Since when, they mutually themselves enchain,
And oft within their jaws, imprison Man.

From that time none were truly born as free;

Total was then the dire captivity.

The

The Confinement.

5

The stronger to the weaker fetters gave;
Until the Deluge, did them all enslave,
Excepting those, who though they scotfree scap'd
The briny Goal, in which the rest were kept,
For safety must a years confinement bear,
And in the hollow Ark, close Pris'ners were.
Since, numberless of holds, not for to save,
But to destroy, their Sons invented have.
Within each Kingdome, you may muster o're
A hundred Goals, for Hospitals a score.
Strange proof of Man deprav'd, can be so bold
Such Swarms, such numbers, daily to withhold
From their grand priviledge the World to view,
And give the great Creator, praises due.
Who dare forbid them, his grand works to eye?
Which they must doe, if freedome they deny.
Without whose friendly aid, each worm might scan
With wonder, the Creation, like to Man.

The Confinement.

And give as ~~just~~ account as they crawl by,
 Of the vast ~~Globes~~, stupendous Symmetry.
 When thus we look, we almost cease to be!

And but by faint remembrances, of that
 We heretofore have seen, and wondred at,
 Can the great end pursue, for which we're made,
 To praise our Maker, in his works survey'd.
 What prospect can the wretch enclos'd e're see
 Of Natures work, but in effigie?
 Not by the hands of *Ruben* or *Vandike*,
 That may an awful admiration strike,
 But some few strokes, in dark resemblance made,
 Of Sun, or Moon, by the dim Charcoals shade;
 In trembling dashes, by some mournful wight,
 As a remembrance, he had once seen light.
 Thick Walls, strong Bars, bound the Horizon there;
 Beyond those confines, nothing does appear.

The

The Confinement.

8

The *Caitife* that's condemn'd, much happier is,
To descend daily to the deep abyss
Of rich *Peruvian* Mountains, big with Gold;
His cares, some intervals of bliss unfold.
He's not confin'd, unto that dark abode,
But purchases his freedom, by each load.
Each basket, to the top when 'tis convey'd,
With the blest sight of heaven, he's repay'd.
Which he may freely view, from the Hills brow;
A prospect seldom, they'll to these allow.
The banish'd wight, on distant Islands thrown,
Has the soft *Æther*, circling him, not stone.
May freely breathe, (and Sighs ith' open eye
Lose in their passage, half their weight of care.)
He with these thoughts, his gloomy breast may cheer;
He's *Nature's*, not the Sheriff's Prisoner.
No noise of Locks, or Chains, disturb his ease;
He has no Jailers, but the Winds, and Sea's.

The

The

The Slave, that daily tugs it at the oar,
 Has various prospects, from each Forreign shoar.
 See's the brisk Dolphins play, the glorious Sun
 From East to West his courses duly run.
 Sees him i'th' Morn, rise from his bed of State,
 And views his purple Couch, when it grows late.
 And when his eyes cares open keep, the sight
 Of beautiful *Cynthia*, gives him still delight,
 And every Star, that makes the Welkin bright:
Persens, Orion, and the Pleiades;
 With all the Heroes, that adorn the Skies.
 His thoughts (not fixt like theirs) may gently move;
 And like the wandring Planets, they may rove,
 With *Saturn, Mercury, Jove, Venus, Mars;*
 Theirs are like Loadstones, linkt to iron bars.
 His eyes the large extent of Heaven survey,
 And the wide Champaign, of the milky way.

The Confinement.

9

Old tatter'd Walls, confine their bounds of light ;
And 'tis but by reflection, they have light.

The Sun ne'er reach'd their Entrails with his Ray,
But all his cost upon their Front does lay.

The Dorick Tablature, with Triglyph grac'd,

In imitation of his Harp, there plac'd,

And grisly Metopa's, of Beasts they slay

In Sacrifice to him, entice his stay.

The jetting Cornish, with the swelling Freez,

And the bold Architrave, each daily sees.

These do adorn the Front : but ah, within,

No such Embellishments were ever seen.

For there, alas, the Order solely is,

That of the captiv'd *Cariatides*.

Each Bar, by Tears, canker'd, and rusty grows ;

Tears, eat as deep, as *Aqua fortis* does.

Sad Sighs, damp't into Dews, make moist the stone,

And drop from off the surface in a groan.

B

Blot-

Blotting out dismal Motto's in their course,
Wrote by some Captives in their deep remorse :
And far-fetcht Emblems from poor fancies wrought,
Of Death, and Poverty, in mournful thought.
Dark Hieroglyphick-scratches thick are twin'd,
The Fretworks of a discomposed mind.
Eternal Mazes round about do rowl,
Perplex'd, and tangled, as their Authors Soul.
The Glas indeed, escapes without a scar ;
Would you know why ? no Diamonds are there.
This is the Furniture of these sad Cells,
Where Chaos, and Disorder, ever dwells.
Nothing by Rule, or Symmetry, is done ;
But frequent webs by poor *Arachne* spun :
Which here and there adorn some vacant space,
And charitably Canopy the place.
Half-shap'd Idea's, with *Chimera's* vain,
Attended on by all their airy Train,

Wildly

The Confinement.

II

Wildly glide by, like Fairies, in their dance,
And ~~all~~ ^{but} our Reason force into a Trance.
That all who gulp down the enchanted air,
Are quite transform'd from what before they were.
Each Vertue puts on some sad uncouth dress;
Good Nature curdles into Frowardness.
Valour boils up to Rage: Love jealous burns :
And Emulation into Envy turns.
Sobriety it self scarce keeps its post;
In strife to drown our Cares, 'tis often lost.
Hopes, ~~often~~ ^{well-nigh} quash'd and sunk, side with Despair;
And Faith begins to grow a Stranger there.
For Charity, they think there's no such thing;
To Heav'n, that long ago, 't has taken wing.
They've found the World so hard, and so unkinde,
They tak't but for a Notion of the Minde:
And may extend it in a wish, or so;
'Tis all their Purfes gives them leave to do.

B 3

Thus

Thus whilst the three chief Graces panting lie,
The lesser needs must sicken, if not die.
Thoughts from despairing breast; escap'd, and fled,
Still taint the gloomy Cells, and horrors spread;
That persons unconcern'd go sad away,
And are infected by a minutes stay.
Joys, Smiles, & Bliss, such strangers are, they'd prove
Ridiculous as Eunuchs making love.
Laughter, the property^r of man alone,
Is here forgot, as if 't had ne'er been known.
The flat and vappid Spirits can't extend
The Muscles to so generous an end,
As to enlighten and adorn the face;
But cloudy airs and dismal glances 't has.
So odde a Notion's Mirth, so wilde a Theam,
'Tis not so much as canvas'd in a Dream.
Morpheus the Jaylor, to the outward sense
No pleasing Visions ever does dispense.

Rigid

Rigid as Mortal Keepers he appears,
Attended on by terrours, and by fears :
Nightly surrounded with the ragged Train
Of naked Poverty, and cold Disdain.
Of curriish *Keepers*, oft the ghastly Scenes,
Move to the Chorus of Bolts, Keys, and Chains.
Then Serjeants, like to Harpyes, hurrying on
The miserable wretch they light upon.
Amazing Visions, nightly go their round ;
Nought but surprising Phanto'ms tread the ground.
Of huge-limb'd ^T*Hyphon*, under *Aetna* cast,
The wretches dream, and think themselves as fast.
Of *Sultans* younger Sons, and their hard fate,
For ever captive to the Rules of State.
Of *Bellisarius* begging, Kings depos'd,
And for their Courts, in Iron bars enclos'd.
Of Birds caught in the Net : Of Beasts in Toils :
And Insects which *Arachne* makes her spoils.

OF

Of Criminals immur'd, and Hermits Cells,
And such sad things, as a fix'd Sorrow tells.
No Forms, but dark, and gloomy, here await,
In solemn march, and melancholy state,
The porch to pass, of the *Eburnean* gate.
Thus tired in the day with cares and grief,
Night (that the rest of mortals does relieve)
Leaves them quite unrefresh'd : i'th' morn they rise,
Around the place they cast their mournful eyes.
Unhear'd by the bright Sun's enlivening ray,
And spy no Scenes, but those of yesterday.
The same black objects still salute their eye ;
Their sorrows give them no variety.
With arms across, their Sighs fan o're the place,
With constant gales ; 'tis all the wind it has.
They rest, lie down, arise again, think o're
The same sad things that they had thought before.

The Confinement.

15

No Beauteous Maïd, does here a beam display,
To chear the bloud with its enlivening ray.

No charming Dart, shot from a lovely eye,
Heightens its course into a Rhapsody.

Beauty's a thing unknown ; how should there be
Ought of Proportion, where's no Harmony ?
Shut from the better part of Humane kinde,
And softer Sex, to th' rougher one confin'd.

Does his Soul burn with any noble fire ?

A Prison-damp soon makes it to expire.

And he's, like to a Vestal Virgin, shut

In darksome Cell, whenas the blaze is out.

Marriage great Laws, and the firm sacred Knot,

Though not unti'd (since nought but death can do't)

Seems by these dreadful shocks made loose, and torn ;

And *Hymen's* Torch does but unkindly burn,

Since the lov'd couple cannot here express

Their true affections in a chaste caress :

But

But each from other parted, must, alone,
At bed, and board, their separation moan.
His pretty off-spring play not round him here ;
Nor with soft smiles his sorrow'd Heart can chear.
Like Olive-branches, at his Table set,
No longer now, in order'd ranks, they eat :
But flinty Walls, instead of these, surround ;
And for the fruitful Boughs, the Bars are found.
His duller company, those now desert,
With whom the tedious hours, he us'd to part.
The Brisk, the Gay, the Jovial, and the Glad,
Mix not society with those are sad.
'Twould poison the whole mass, of that days mirth ;
And of the morrow's, spoil the coming birth.
The Mournful, Querulous, or Malecontent,
Are fittest guests to Prisons to be sent.
There they may satisfy their itching ear,
Learn others grief, and may their own declare.

The

The Widow, and the Orphan here may tell,
 How they're oppress'd, he from what heights he fell.
 Their griefs into each others bosome vent,
 (Variety's in Sadness some content.)
 Mix mournful tales all night, until the morrow,
 And weave a pretty interlude, of Sorrow.
 The blood, that briskly moved in e'ry vein,
 That th'azure bounds could scarce its Tides contain,
 Whence troops of vital Spirits, us'd to come,
 Attending on the *Biolychnium*;
 Is now dam'd up, and mudded, by the throng
 Of Melancholy dregs, that drive along.
 Oft syncopes, and sighs do make it start
 Like *Jordan*, back to'th Floudgates of the heart;
 Where though with fresh supplies it chance to flow,
 It still irregularly moves, and flow;
 So dull, and faintly, it can scarce afford
 Spirits enough (before so bravely stor'd)

The

C

The

The form of gentlest passions to create.
 So miserably poor, is now its state!
 All, Stoicks in this hard condition be.
 All, forc'd assertors, of an ^b Apathy,
 Past *Bacchus* art to cure; or could he do't,
 Here's but few products, from his purple fruit.
 There's no brisk liquors, from *Burgundian* shore;
 None of what fruitful *Champaigne* has in store;
 No sparkling juice, from the Canary Vine,
 No charming Bowls, prest from the banks of *Rhine*,
 Within these dismal Territories found;
 But fiery *Nants*, and cloudy Ale, goes round;
 Drinks oft approv'd of, by the Belgick boars,
 When cares oppress them, or the Cannon roars.
 Drinks which the woful Captive, oft may find
 Tenage, or stifle, but ne'r cheer the mind.
 Most of the Wretches, here enclos'd you see,
 Suff'ring well nigh, a ^c *Psychopanichie*.

Their

Their Souls, in the terrestrial d ^{Hylo} sink +
 So deep, prest down with cares, they scarcely think.
 Scarce know they have a Soul or no, but by
 The sentiments they have of misery.
such opiates their lethargick liquors prove
 Their liquors oft, such Opiates to them prove,
 That they're not conscious they in fetters move.
 Working to such a height, that oft we see,
 They scarce remember, that they once were free.
 These, and long habits, to this wretched course,
 Makes them submit to't, without least remorse.
 Not from collected force from Reason prest,
 Nor a deep thought, but stupifi'd they rest.
 Nor need the issue wonder to create ;
 It is not Mens alone, but Kingdomes fate.
 Greece, that the total Universe obey'd,
 To whom remotest Nations Tribute pay'd,
 Whose laws, and dictates, once the world set free
 From the dire bondage of Barbarity,

The Confinement.

Us'd to the Turkish yolk, no more now mourn;
 Scarce feel the burden, they so long have born:
 But quiet, and submissive, bend to it,
 Low as *Bucephalus*, at's Masters feet.
 No spark of *Hectors* valour, *Homers* lore,
Ulysses eloquence, nor *Priams* store,
 In their least faint resemblance now appear.
 They're but the shadow's, of what once they were.
 What horror 'tis, our brisker Youth to see,
 In their own confines, thus in slavery?
 In their full vigor torn, like Members sick,
 From off the Kingdoms body politick;
 And in inhumane manner, left to rot,
 In dismal Jaoles, and dreary dungeons shut,
 Meerly to satisfy, the lust, or spleen,
 Of the rapacious, or revengeful Men.
 Who left at liberty, had all ere long,
 Been seen amongst the Gown'd, or Martial throng
Crown'd

n ; Crown'd thick with honors; soon had all discharg'd,
n : And with themselves, the Kingdome too enlarg'd.
What is't the Tygres, to themselves propose,
When thus their fellow-subjects, they enclose?
Tis land, or goods, must satisfie the debt;
His body, they can neither sell, nor eat.
To them indeed, it but a Carcass is;
ere. But to their Prince, much more it signifies.
What Conquests, might the captiv'd part o'th' Isle,
Should fate release them, by a Royal smile
In hostile Lands, so animated, gain,
Freed from the durance, of domestick chain?
Like winds, within their hollow caves, long pent,
In Hurricanes, they'd brush the continent:
If need the Lillies, of the *French*, they'd blast;
Make to his den, the Belgick Lyon, hast;
Make the bold *German* Eagles feathers fly;
ong And as they please, to all give destiny.

What

What harder fate, can ere accrew then this,
Banish'd to live, in their Metropolis?
Their countrymen, in flocks, they daily view,
Careless to pass, through e'ry avenue.
Their Chariots, through their Portals, hurry on,
As Ships, by rocks, they fear to strike upon.
Ne're to be hal'd, nor courted, near the shore;
But as lost men, they are by all given o're.
Their Coasts none will approach, but view from far.
Prisons, and Jaoules, enchanted Islands are.
Thus amidst pleasures, tantaliz'd they dwell,
And in their proper heaven, find a hell.
Known Pinacles, and Towers, still appear,
Encircling Fonts, at which they Christned were.
Marks of their Freedom, from the powers of hell,
They daily view, and from each Steeple tell.
But Man, far worse then Satan, binds them o're;
And his own kind, does cruelly devour.

Bells chiming with a solemn sound, they hear.
See Myriads following their call to Pray'r.
They see the glad, they see the joyful throng,
Ready prepar'd for the Thanksgiving Song.
They see't, alas, but 'tis with swollen eyes,
Forbidden to attend the Sacrifice.
Nor suffer'd any the least part to bear.
In the blest Publick offerings, of Pray'r.
Thus shut, from all community divine,
(For here's few zealots, that will with them joyn)
From the World separate, they do appear,
And Anchorets, as well as Pris'ners are.
All the strict acts of their devotion,
Performing ever singly, and alone.
Best so to do; for in a Prison what
But tending to Religion, has been taught?
The very Heathens, were they there, would be
At loss, to practice their Idolatry.

No

No Sun appears for *Persian* to implore :
No ray, no beam, that he can here adore.
Nor can th'*Epheſian*, to the Silver Moon,
Pay his accuſtom'd adoration.
The Heathen Mariner, it not allows,
What's due to *Thetis*, or *Oceanus*.
Nor could the Aſiatick Mountaineer,
His *Athos* or *Olympus*, once revere.
No *Indian*, here, could worſhip o'rgrown tree;
Nor to the *Nile*, Memphitick Prieſt bow knee.
Their Garlick-Gods, they might indeed adore ;
And to their Onyons, invocations poure.
The *Roman*, his *Priapus* might attend,
And ſtench in fumes, to *Cloacina* ſend.
And the *Phœnician*, daily Sacrifice
To *Beelzebub*, whole Hecatombs of flies.
But to the right, there's few know how to pay
Their due obſervance, in a ſolemn way.

The Confinement.

25

So far from that they fall, they cannot well,
Respects but common, to each other deal.

Alike esteem, the Base, and Noble have;
Alike the Soul that's Sordid, and the brave;
All equal are, in Prisons, and the Grave.

Thus when the cruel *Typhon* rag'd, the Gods
Compel'd to quit their heavenly abodes,
Amongst *Ægyptian* herds, they liv'd enrol'd,
No ways distinguish'd, from the common Fold.

Nor is't the sence of these alone, Mankind
In general join to level the confin'd.

Each to debase the other need not strive,
Enough their helping hands will gladly give.

Who mounted are aloft, turn t'other end
Of the Perspective, for to view their Friend.

What a *Colossus*, seem'd unto their eye,

Thorough the Opticks, of Prosperity,

So

D

Seems

Seems but an *Atom*, when the glass they turn,
So small 'twill scarce makè Adits to an Urn.
View but the now insulting Creditor,
Who though the greatest Prince his Prisoner were,
Yet what a bulk, what port, what mein he bears !
With what a scorn he each Proposal hears !
Sometimes so great he grows, he won't confer
But by a Proxy, with his Prisoner ;
And by th'Embassadour Attorney, he
Will treat of ransome for to set him free ;
Who must his sacred person represent,
To treat at distance, with the Malecontent.
Dark Mysteries, like unto *sphynx*, to tell,
Which if he's not the *Oedipus* to spell,
Unto their Laws, a Sacrifice he's made ;
No pray'rs can here prevail, no tears perswade.
Such rigid Articles they now propose,
As ne'r were offer'd by extreamest foes,

To half-storm'd Cities. These he must accept ;
Or ~~else~~ ^{long} in durance, ^{and restrain} ~~evermore~~ be kept.

Unless the Jailor in a meeker vein,

(If ere soft thoughts, such minds, can entertain)

Grants him attended with his guards, to go,

And draw o'th' fresher air, a gust or two.

And yet even then what pains does he indure !

In shew reviv'd, in truth cast down the more.

Each motion proves a Stab, each step's a death,

Whilst he lays in his pittances of breath.

Which he can ne'r take up, as it is free,

But sullied with their dull society.

Where e'ry beam of light, he so doth take,

His Prison doth more dark, and gloomy make.

Where e'ry spark, where e'ry glitt'ring ray,

Wherewith the bounteous Sun guilds o're his way,

And seems a glorious path, for to prepare,

The most disconsolate, enough to cheer ;

Is still consider'd like the trace of Sin,
 Which thought't appear gay, flourishing, and green,
 And a perpetual verdure always has,
 Yet still it leads unto a dismal place.

Like that poor Animal, who should surround
 A Serpents glorious back where scales abound,

(The Sun a better object never knew
from whence his rayes he might reflect and view
 Whereby to ken his rayes at a review).

The glorious Cirque it does with joy espy,
 Yet has the deadly sting still in its eye.

So let him march in ne're so solemn state,
train still
 And all the Rascals at his footsteps wait,

His Triumphs end, still at the Prison gate.

Where for the largeness of the walk allow'd,

The hated roofs of the perforc'd abode,

More narrow seem, and more contracted far,

To him so feldome sees the Hemisphere.

When

Where for the largeness, of the walk that's had,
The hated walls, more narrow may be said.

Where while his organs, thus refresh'd, obtain
More subtilty, the more he has of pain;
The more of misery, does undergoe;
The more distinct perception, has of woe,
Which he does feel, now ten times more increast,
(Shut up again) for being thus releas'd.

To tortur'd men, thus Tyrants Cordials give;
That so in pain, they may the longer live.
What torment is't, to see each Peasant go,
Free as the wind, to which they whistle too;
While he's debar'd, the pleasures they inhance,
And but enjoys them, in a bon 'sperance?

Thus a poor Lover, may a Beauty see,
Seated above his lower Pedigree;
Patient with heats, that ne'r can be allaid,
Like Creditors, to Debts can ne'r be paid.

To

To ev'ry Stratagem, he open lyes,
That breasts full swoln with Envy, can devise.
What Malice can invent, may here be shown.
The Cause of the unfortunate who'll own?
Each takes a pride, with moral face to tell,
How by his rashness, the poor young man fell.
Old Granams shake their empty heads, and cry
I long before, read this his destiny.
And seem to pity, but with such a will,
As Crocodiles, weep over those they kill.
Sometimes, a soft relenting Creditor,
The first that led you to the Prison-dore,
Whenas you're past recall, shall sighing come,
Look sad at your hard fate, bemoan your doom.
Shall seemingly let fall a tear, and cry
(As if surpris'd, at your deep misery)
Had I foreknown, your Debts had been so thick
Your Creditors, so cruel, and so quick,

I never (but 'tis past) ne'r should have been
The first, that broke the gap, to let them in.
Thus the *Aegyptians* solemn days to keep, doe
First drown their *Apis*, and then for him weep.
His friends, look on him as a monstrous thing;
Staring, they bid adieu, and out they fling.
And he's no more remembred when they're gone,
Than Patriarchs buried, ere *Deucalion*:
Ten years acquaintance, and from Childhood play,
Shall be forgotten, by ten hours stay.
And old contracted friendship (lasting thought)
To an untimely end, is quickly brought.
Thus like the webb & *Penelope* had spun,
What Friendship, in our Sunshine days begun,
In Miseries dark Night, is all undone.
Those who with supple ham, and pliant knee,
Were wont, in their embraces kind to be,
Grow

Grow stiff, as though in Armor ; nor will look
But at a distance, on their friend forlook.

As if turn'd *Bastick*, within the Bars, (scars.
There's none could view him, without wounds or
His Neighbours slight him, and there's not a Man,
But looks as strange, as a *Japonian*.

No favour they'll afford you, but this one ;
They'll leave your sins, for you, to gaze upon.
And copies of them, round about disperse,
To shew their care, unto the Universe.

If one amongst a thousand, should perchance
A visit give, the price he'll so inhance ,
His condescension, nought can ere repay,
Should your lives thread, last to the Judgment-day.
He'll fully reckon, when he comes to dye,
He's to gain Heaven, by's humility.

Thus while brisk gales of Fortune blow, our eye
Can have no proofs of perfect amity.

Of Friends we can't say such a one is he :
At best, we only hope him, so to be.
We must be windbound, and becalm'd, before
We know what Friendly hand, will ply the oare.
Sad fate of Mortals ! who can never know
Harbours of Friendship, but through storms of woe.
But sadder, when amidst these storms, we find
No Port that's safe, nor any Friend that's kind.
How many to the bottom have gone down,
For want of a kind twig, might have been thrown,
Even in the sight of Friends, who have had store
Of Acres, thickly planted, on the shoare ?
But ah ! too oft more courteous Men appear
Unto the Brutes, than their own kind by far :
These he can feed, and nourish in their Woe ;
Nay farther, give them Education too.
The wily Fowler, when the birds are caught,
And to his snares, by many flights are brought ,
E ls

Is to his little Captives, yet so kind,
As by his Songs, to ease them when confin'd.
He'll force them their wild accents to give ore,
In which they oft, unartful Consorts bore,
And teach them, with a well-composed note,
Fresh airs to eccho, from their supple throat.
Does by his frequent visits still repay
(In part) the want of freedome took away.
The Dog he'll teach to hunt, and with more art,
His game pursue, than instinct does impart.
The Elephant, to bend his stiffer knee,
And courtlike bow to Regal Majesty.
The Ape, and Marmozet, to dance aloft;
And the most cruel, in their kind be soft.
But Man may starve, and unregarded dye;
Unfed, untaught, in all his durance lye:
In his Confinement, can have no redress;
Like *Pelican*, he mourns, i'th' wilderness.

Within

Within the desert of distracted thought,
He wandering, does the Minutes sad spin out.

re, Where he may strive, but can have no relief;

Fluttering, he beats, against the bars of grief.

He's kept like *Bajazet*, within the rule

Of those who only please by ridicule.

Till hunger, want, and folly, make him grow

More savage than the beasts that to him bow.

art, Whole Cages stockt with birds, the *Turks* will buy }

Only on purpose for to let them fly :

But Man, may perish in Captivity. }

A petty number at his birth attend ;

But thousands flock, for to behold his end :

Myriads to see the cruel Liſtors wrack

A wretched *Bessus*, or *Raviliac* :

To view a Storm, when Ships are cast away ;

Or at a distance, a Sea-fight survey.

When war and death's proclaim'd, they joy express, Br

But peace, is sign'd, with much reservedness. Fr

To day dies such a one; how glad's the news! A

To view the spectacle, what swarms there goes! T

But if the wretch, should a Reprieve obtain, E

How soon are vanish't all the num'rous train ? A

None of the croud, attend him back again : T

Not the least overture of joy is shown; A

They grieve to lose their wisht diversion. T

If we the Universe aright should scan, B

All things rejoyce to do Man good, but Man. D

The Brutes, nay things that are inanimate, T

When by some beneficial acts, the state B

Of Man they render happy, they as 'twere, T

Triumphantly rejoycing do appear. D

The Sun, when he arises to disperse T

His beams of light, throughout the Universe, V

Brill

Brisk as a lusty Bridegroom, he does seem,
From forth his Chamber coming, gay and trim.
And as a Gyant pleas'd, lifts up his voice,
To run his race, so does the Sun rejoice.
Even and Morns outgoings, do no less,
As their vicissitudes, do Man refresh.
The Meadows when with grafs they're cover'd ore,
And Flocks upon them, for to crop it, store ;
The Valleys when with Corn they're laden round,
By Man for to be reap'd ; O what a sound
Does eccho forth ! with joy how do they ring !
The Meadows, and the Valleys, shout and sing.
But in a Barren year, whenas we see
They are restrain'd of their fertility ;
The Heavens they are black with grief, the Earth
Does mourn, the Vine do's languish at the dearth.
'Tis Man alone that does abound ; yet see
With unrelenting eye, Mans misery.

O *England*, whither is it now doth fly,
Thy (once so celebrated) Courtesie!
Thou that by all the Nations round wer't fam'd,
When Hospitality they ever nam'd ;
How evilly thou intreaßt thy Natives now,
And under slavish Bondage , mak'st them bow ?
More cruel, than the *Scythians* thou art grown ;
Upon their Altars, Forreigners, alone
Did bleed, their great *Diana* to atone.
Thou thy own Sons, dost e'ry day enslave ;
Usurp'st that liberty, that Nature gave.
The *Danish* yoke, we still amongst us see,
And hold in *Villenage*, yet think we're free.
Weigh these sad truths, you who in wealth and ease
Sit painful, when no fresh diversions please ;
Who cloy'd with Natures bounties , Art implore ;
And still find scarcity, in either's store :

Who

Who on the feather'd lap, of Plenty thrown,
The Hardness of your Downy bed bemoan.
Yet smile at others, who are cast so low,
They have no gust of any thing, but Woe;
Whose spreading poyson, to that sway does move,
The best of Pleasures, would insipid prove.
Who with a scornful look, can proudly view
Those whom unfeigned Miseries pursue.
Can loudly laugh, whilst they their ills bewail,
And unconcern'dly, hear their heavy tale.
O in what heights soever 'tis you be,
Cease thus to mock at humane misery.
Though Fortunes kinder hand, may seat you where
No shadow of a downfall does appear;
You know not yet, fix't in the best estate,
What may be hatching in the womb of Fate.
Like sparkling Stars, in Fortunes higher sphere,
You now shine bright, and gloriously appear;
But

But all those glittering fires, soon go out,
When once she turns her fickle Orb about.
Then foolish Meteors, at the best you'll prove;
W^{ch} keep their state, whilst th'air does gently move.
But when the Tempests rise, or Winds grow high,
They're gone, they vanish, by one puff they dye
Misfortunes to those feet are doubly rough,
Who ne'r trod any paths, but what were smooth
The tender bred, when destin'd to the Oar,
The easiest pull, will make their palm be sore.
Their nicer frames disordred, soon grow sick;
And stroaks but gentle, touch them to the quick
Where t'other are uneasy, these are ill :
Blowes which but bruise the one, the other kill
But what our scrutiny, may truly deem,
Amidst the Prisoners woes, the most extream
Is the great Maxim to be always sad;
To have the face mask'd with a mournful shade
Fe

The Confinement.

41

Few think you worthy of the least relief,
Except they see you overset with grief.
They labour hard, with great expence and sweat,
To make you conscious of your wretched state.
These are like *Nero* in their Cruelties ;
Would have the Malefactor feel he dyes.
'Tis this alone that plunges them in woe :
We were not wretched, but for knowing so.
In such events, Beasts happier are than Man,
Wanting discourse their Miseries to scan.
To be too thoughtful in a wretched state,
Does not allay, but heightens our ill fate.
Better want Reason's light, than far to see,
And have large prospects into Misery.
When Sorrows bulky grow, and grief does swell,
'Tis good to look no farther than the shell ;
lest the fell Cockatrice, that's hatch'd within ,
To shoot out mortal glances should begin.

F

Should

Should we at each sad object does surprise,
Set ope the easie floudgates of our eyes;
There's few such *Stoicks*, but would find, I fear,
'Twould prove almost continual Winter there.
O 'tis with wary feet, who ere goes down,
Must tread the Chambers of affliction.
Bold full as he, first undertook to sweep
On narrow plank, the bosome of the deep,
Hydra's, within these dark recesses dwell,
And dread *Chimera's*, which no pen can tell.
Myriads of Monsters in your way you meet,
That will with horrid salutations greet.
Here pale-fac'd Want, and Penury you view,
Ratling their ill-hung Skeletons at you.
There Time mis-spent, does with his foretop stand
Like to the Ghost of a late murder'd friend.
Here Folly smiles, and Rashness makes a mouth,
With antick posture, and a mein uncouth.

At length Despair comes in, with *Gorgon*-head,
And petrifies the bold spectator dead.

'Tis therefore with great Caution, we our face
Must view, whenas Affliction holds the glass.

As a great Beauty, when at first she sees

Her visage tainted by some foul disease,

With much aversion and regret she spies

Her ruin'd looks, then turns away her eyes

Lest too long gazing, might distraction move,

And her Mind Horrid, as her Body prove.

Some, who these truths by sad experience try'd,

And found all foreign remedies deny'd,

Thought in the numbers, of a well-tun'd Verse,

They might or lose their Cares, or else disperse.

But the Convulsive Genius of the place,

Into contortions wreath'd each tender Grace.

They whose brisk thought, could pen an airy Song

Sweet as the Nightingales all-charming tongue,

Can now compose nought smoothly, but with jars,
Uncouth as Scritch-owls hoot on Sepulchers.

So that despairing, they hang up their Lire;
And break those strings, so cross to their desire.

They thought to change their theme to humble
But how should they wild Pastorals rehearse ^{(verse;}

Quite banisht from the sight o'th' Universe?

No shady woods, nor verdant meads, are here,
Nor gliding rivulets, with waters clear.

Winter from Summer, Autumn from the Spring,
With all the various changes that they bring,

They see not, only hear of such a thing.

When the blew Violet does her leaves disclose,
Or at what time buds forth the blushing Rose;

When Bounteous Nature, makes the Cherries red,
And when the Vines, she does with purple spread;

When yellow *Ceres*, does guild o're the field,
With ears that centuple increases yield;

When

When plump *Pomona*, makes the Apples slick,
 And paints a deep Vermilion on their cheek ;
 When chirping Sparrows, in the thatch do build,
 And when the Swallow comes into the field ;
 When sings the Grasshopper, when Lambs do play,
 When rutting Stags drive frighted swains away :
 These seasons, here alas cannot be known,
 But by some rithmes i'th' Almanack set down.
 So banishing their learned rural cares,
 They break their Oaten pipes, against the bars.
 To Lyrick airs, they strove their Lutes to frame ;
 Harsh, incoherent Eccho's from them came.
 And though the num'rous strings they varied oft,
 No sounds, with all their art would rise aloft,
 Like *Dorick* manly, or like *Lydian* soft.
 Enrag'd, they strove the *Phrygian* fierce to strike ;
 But the disturbed strings, still move alike.

Their

Their mind's to^o low, *Pindarick* heights to gain,
 Nor can their sickly, and enfeebled vein,
 E'er hope to reach the *Dithyrambique* strain.
 But dismal tunes, like Irish hubbub rise;
 Tunes, such as *Indians* hoot at Sacrifice.
 And Rithmes, the same old Monks with ease made
 In Caves compose, when as their Belly's full. (dull
 Dismal as *Nero's*, when unto his Lyre
 He sung *Troy's* fate, and set whole *Rome* on fire.
 Mournful as *Ovid's*, when to *Pathmos* Isle
 Confin'd, he daily strove for to beguile
 His sorrow'd soul, with the poor little bliss,
 That he could relish from sad Elegies,
 How different from the Verse *Augustus* Court
 Produc'd! nought of that loftiness, nor Port,
 With such foundations layd, of such effort,
 Which neither flame, nor sword, nor wrath of *Jove*
 Nor could old time, with iron teeth remove,

His weak and half-starv'd genius now can raise;
 With Mirtle rather 'tis begirt, than Bays.
 Sick, faint, and querulous, well-nigh unman'd,
 How should he sing a Song in a strange Land?
 The Epick, then our Poets strove to paint;
 And to the life, some Hero represent.
 But strong impressions, from ill patterns made,
 (For few but sordid objects here are had)
 Daily impregnating their Fancy, nought
 But a mis-shapen *Fetus* forth was brought.
 In the remaining parts unhappy, they
 Still found the self-same fatal destiny;
 And ne'er could be assisted by the Nine,
 Or close their thoughts, in a well-form'd design.
 In such disorder, who should hope a treat,
 Of ought well rang'd, just, piercing, solid, neat.
 From calm recesses 'twas, all verse was had,
 And breasts, as undisturbed as their shade.

Hence

Hence are the springs, from which soft numbers flow
To this each high, and lofty, Song we owe.
Careless in quiet groves, free as the air,
Their breasts not ruffled with one gust of care.
The *Bards* of old, compos'd their well-tun'd Lore,
And the discerning *Druids*, sung of yore.
Nor is't a wonder, that a rural Scene,
So kind a Nurse to Poetry has been.
The Maiden-blushes of the Morning-skye
Who sees not mov'd into an Extasie?
The glory of the rising Sun who views,
And has not Troops of Awful thoughts pursues?
No sprightly Soul, can see his Chariot move,
But does, like *Memnon's* Statue, vocal prove.
And the Worlds great Creators praise declare,
In numbers high, and lofty, as his sphere.
Who walks amidst tall ranks, of well-grown trees,
(Of our Forefathers, the first Pallaces.)

And

The Confinement.

49

low And is not struck with a profound revere,
As if their awful Ghosts, were present there.
Their cooler shade, a sacred fire gives ;
O Mystical Antiperistasis !
ore The pure celestial Bow, with colour bright,
What fam'd *Collyrium* better to the Sight ?
What can the Nostrils more refin'd receive,
More odorous, than native flowers give ?
What to the Taste, can e're more poinant be,
Than sauces fetch'd from Natures granary ?
Where is there Notes more regular, and high,
es More brisk, more strong, than the wild symphony ?
What to the Touch, more soft than a slick Gale,
From Mountains top blown o're the flowry vale ?
e, When all our Senses thus contented be,
What's the result, but a pure harmony ?
ees, From a recess, within a darksome glade,
And Where by the winds, a trembling gale is made,

G

In

In quavering Trillo's moving, by such art
The Sun not rays, but lightning does impart,
Now wholly day, now night as't represents,
By the wind gushing from earths hollow vents,
Opening alternately, its shady gates;
Or as it rises, or as it abates,
To see the Cell, now gloomy, and now bright,
Just like pale sorrow, chequer'd with delight :
What several passions, in the breast arise ,
And without Passion, Poésie soon dies.
The sweet result of harmony that's had,
From the varieties are here display'd,
I'th' num'rous features, of the greater World,
Into like motions, round the less are whirl'd.
They cause the spirits, from each part to come,
And dance about the *Biolychnium*.
From whose sweet cadence, numbers soft proceed
Hence e'ry lofty Period, has its head.

Hence

Hence 'tis the Poets give so high esteem
To rural prospects, though they lowly seem,
And unadorn'd by artful stroke ; hence 'tis,
The *Villa* vies with the Metropolis.
From their retreats, these must their concourse own;
Had they not been, no Cities had been known.
The deepest o'th' Foundations e're was laid,
Was dug by Poets in a rural shade.
They taught the World civility: from thence,
Each future Corporation did commence. (wealth,
Which still when wean'd from business, stockt in
From shady woods, they pleasures seek and health.
And our first Tutors Groves, by *Storges* own,
As strong, as e're by Sympathy was known.
And lest their awful memory should fall,
Our Chimneys they adorn, and household-wall.
Bosage within each Chamber must be shown,
Or the mean pile, no Architect will own.

Nay, the best Order that e're yet was made,
(The grand *Corinthian*) with its beauteous shade,
From leaves that first around a Basket spread
It was, were found the Maxims for its Head.
Which does so many Palaces uphold,
'Tis thought no Palace, where they are not told.
Leaves crown the Poets Head, they have inspir'd,
And Victors brows, that Conquests have acquir'd.
Nay yet so much of our Forefathers meen
We imitate, our Silks are leafy seen.
No rich Embroidery, scarce yet was wore,
But the old Scutcheon of the fig-leaves bore.
Nothing in Nature's to be found, no place,
But some remains of Rural, in it has,
Whereby to raise some notions, that may tend
Tow'rds order, and Poetic Souls befriend:
Except a Prison, there no glimpse we see,
Of ought promotes a peaceful harmony.

The object of the Chaos, where was nought
de, But confus'd lumps, as soon might breed a thought
Sublime, and ravishing, as what we see,
Bred from its all confounding Anarchy.
How can the foggy mists of Jayls, create
old. Airs even, soft, gentle, or delicate?
r'd, Nipt in the cradle, they soon fade and dye;
r'd. Slack all their Nerves, and loose their Majesty.
Nought of Celestial fires here approach,
But empty flashes, heated by debauch.
Sonnetts, Acrosticks, and such little things,
Rattle sometimes, upon the ill-tun'd strings.
Vain sickly thoughts, puffs, empty noise, and wind,
That may the Phancy please, but shake the Mind.
d But nought in these Apartments e're was seen,
Gay, lofty, great, or with a solemn meen.
Nor can the prospect, of the ill-hewn stones,
Give lively draughts, or strong expressions.

The

Some

Some vain efforts, some servile strokes escape,
That always speak the Author in mishap.
Thus the poor Bird, who naturally sung,
Ere caught, by the enchanting Fowlers tongue;
Who with a warbling Note, could upwards flee,
To sphears above, less musical than he;
Could from the rocky Pinacles that crown
The Mountains top, pour *Dythirambiques* down
Could to the Woods, such charming *Eccho's* make
That every leaf, would musically shake;
Could in the Meadows, with his Trillo's chear,
The grazing flocks, that lent a listning ear;
Sings faintly when confin'd, and not a Note,
But with harsh Accents, issues from his throat
To the Hills brow, he never now can soar;
Nor rising Sun, can *Persan*-like adore.
Nor with a dewy breast, or pearly wing,
His wonted Carols, to *Aurora* sing.

But sighing, mourns the lost *Apollo's* rays ;
And dire remove, to the dead sticks from bays.
In vain his trembling wings now weakly move ;
In vain he gasps, to reach soft gales above.
It heaves, and pants, at *Airs* it ne're can reach,
Confin'd to Notes alone, its Victors teach,
Confounded be the Man, who ravish'd first,
Our Mother Earth, and made her entrails burst ,
Swoln with the poison of the venom'd Ore ,
Which like *Pandora's* box, Contagions powre.
Accursed Gold ! until thy Birth was known,
No breach was made, in the worlds union.
Till Subterraneous *Demons*, by long sweat,
This Metal purchas'd, as their grand receipt ;
Their universal Tincture for what's bad,
Since first our Father *Adam* us'd the spade.
Curst be those Mountains, wanton with the Sun,
From whose first hot embraces, *Tagus* run.

And

And with a slimy path, gilding his way,
Gave *item* where the unborn Monster lay.
Sink steep *Potosi*, and thy teeming womb ;
To all who dig thee, may'st thou prove a tomb.
Better the latter World had ne're been known,
Than thus to swallow up the former one.
Millions for thy rich stores, in durance lye,
And bear a part in thy Captivity.
We need not proudly boast, but sighing say,
Half *Europe's* fetter'd by *America*.
Great *Montezuma*, might refresh his Ghost,
And all the Troops, of the *Tlaxcallan* host.
Peru's dread *Inca*, if alive, might see
The Victors Progeny, more slaves than he.
Guided by Natures Laws, they rightly pris'd
What really was good, the rest despis'd.
What might conduce by food, to strength & health
That was their Riches, that was all their Wealth.

For that they fought, and not for sordid Oar ;
The beautiful Face of Earth, had their amour.
They nought could lovely in its intrails see ;
And yet they ript them up, as well as we.
But we the garbidge hug, and leave to them
The better part, which wisely they esteem.
But where does my unbounded Fancy roam ?
She ne'r remembers that she must keep home.
Unto far distant Orbs, she takes her flight,
And wanders, without Keeper, out of sight.
Return, return, to thy imprison'd shrine ;
And shamefully repent, this risque of thine.
It is not reason, thou shouldst freely play,
Till with thy Master too, 'tis Holiday.

F I N I S.

Jefferies, *Edith*, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

ANNOTATIONS.

Page 1. line 7.

Granted alike, thou wert to Man and Beast ;
 Freedome to both was equally exprest.

I Consider them at that time to be in a state of subjection to Mankind, but not Captivity : they being no more infringed of their liberty, than those who being governed by wholesome Laws, may be said to loose their Title of Freemen. I deny not but Man was their Superiour, and had dominion over them ; but which way he should have occasion to exercise that Authority, in his state of Innocence, so far as to infringe them of their liberty, I cannot well imagine. For he stood not then in fear of the fiercest, they having neither will nor power to molest him ; neither did the most shy and wild shun his society : so that he might have a fair prospect of them, without cooping of them up, or putting an inclosure about them. Man had no occasion for their service, neither in Peace nor War, neither for Pleasure nor Profit ; neither to till the Ground, the Earth yielding all things abundantly, of its own accord ; nor yet in War, there being no grounds for enmity in that state of Innocencie ; neither for Pleasure, excepting what delight and satisfaction he might receive from the view and contemplation of the wonderful variety, symmetry and proportion of their parts ; but as for that of Hunting and ensnaring of them, he had no cause for it, he having no need of them for food, nor yet wanted so slender a pastime, having more noble diversion from the exercise of his own

mind. Profit he could make none of them, nothing being then to be done that turned towards gain, there being no fears of either Want or Penury. There was no use to be made of them for Clothing, he then having no need of it, either for ornament or necessity; nor for Food, for we suppose him not in that state to have ever prey'd upon any of them: he was more tempted with the Fruits of the field, than the Beasts of it; and though he knew his own Authority, would never exercise it in the way of Cruelty. He knew not then what Death was himself, and therefore we may suppose him never to have attempted to deprive another of life. But this is too nice a speculation to be handled in this place: however, I am apt to believe, we now use a greater cruelty towards them, than we are able to maintain; and there will be found but few that are merciful to their Beast.

Caveamus ne nimis superbe de nobis ipsis sentiamus, quod fieret non modo si quos limites nobis nulla cognitos ratione, nec divina revelatione, mundo vellemus effingere, tanquam si vis nostra cogitationis, ultra id quod à Deo revera factum est ferri posset; sed etiam maxime si res omnes propter nos solos, ab illo creatas esse fingeremus. Renat. Descartes, in his Principles of Philosophy, the Third part.

Page 6. line 4.

And but by faint remembrances of that,
We heretofore have seen and wondred at,
Can the great end pursue for which we're made,
To praise our Maker in his Works survey'd.

They have no opportunity of viewing new Objects, and consequently of having a larger field wherein to expand

pand themselves in their praises to the Almighty, for his wonderful Works in the Creation; and therefore can go no further in that part of their Devotion, than in their reiterated praises to God, for those Objects they have already seen.

Page 6. line 12.

But some few strokes in dark resemblance made,
Of Sun or Moon by the dim Charcoals shade.

Men are apt to revolve in their thoughts the memory of those lost pleasures they have not a fair prospect of suddenly enjoying; nay, to put a greater estimate upon them, than they themselves would do in other circumstances, where they might opportunely be had. Thus we may easily imagine, their Confinement to a dark abode, their conversation with uncouth and sordid Objects, must re-call into their mind those glorious ones, of which heretofore they have had the opportunity of a free view; and why not the Sun or Moon, as well as any other?

— by the dim Charcoals shade.

Painted upon the wall with Charcoal; that place scarce affording any better pencil.

Page 9. line 4.

But all his cost upon their Front does lay.

The cost of gilding them with his beams.

Page 9. line 5.

The *Dorique* Tablature with *Triglyph* grac'd.

Most Prisons are of the *Dorique Order*. This Order representing Solidity to us, as its specifick and principal quality.

ty. We ought not to employ it (says *Vitruvius*) but in great massie Buildings and Edifices of the like nature ; as, for Ports of Citadels , and Fortresses of Towns , the outside of Churches or publick places, and the like. Where the delicateness of the ornament is neither convenient nor profitable ; forasmuch as the Heroique and Gigantick manner of this Order , does excellently well in those places , discovering a certain Masculine and natural Beauty , which is properly that the *French* call *la grand Maniere*. See Mr. *Evelins* parallels of Architecture.

— Tablature.

The *Architrave*, *Freeze*, and *Cornice*, taken altogether, is called the *Entablature*.

— With *Triglyph* grac'd.

The *Triglyph* is an inseparable ornament of the *Dorique Freeze*. The word *τρίγλυφον* in Greek, imports a three-sculptur'd piece, *quasi tres habens Glyphas* ; they were made in imitation of *Apolo's* Harp. The Island of *Delos* built a very famous Temple to him, in memory of his Birth in that place , of the which there was in the time of *Vitruvius* some vestigia's remaining ; and in this it was, that the first *Triglyphs* were made in the form which we now behold them , representing the figure of an antique Lyre, of which Instrument this God hath been the Inventor.

Page 9. line 7.

And grilly *Metopa's* of beasts they slay ,
In sacrifice to him entice his stay.

The *Metopa's* were generally in the figures of Oxes heads: the word is fetched from the *Μέτωπον* or forehead of the beasts

beasts, whose skulls remaining after the sacrifices, were usually carved in the Intervals between the *Triglyphs*.

— entice his stay.

He seems to be induced to it by the sight of a Frontispiece, like that of his Temple, adorn'd with his Lyre, and the reliques of his Sacrifices: for here be his Trophies;
— *Hic illius arma, hic currus.*

Page 9. line 13.

For there alas the Order solely is,
That of the Captiv'd *Caryatides*.

Vitruvius, and several of the Moderns since him, mention the original of this Order. The Inhabitants of a certain City of *Peloponnesus* nam'd *Carya*, having made a League with the *Persians* against their own Nation the *Greeks*, after the rout of the *Persians*, were afterwards Besieged by the Conquerors, and so barbarously saccag'd, that putting every Man to the Sword, consuming the City to ashes, and carrying the Women away Captive, their vengeance being not yet extinct, they resolv'd to eternize their resentment, by causing publick Edifices to be erected, wherein for a mark of the servitude of these Captives, they engraved their Images instead of Columns, that so they might overwhelm them likewise under the weight of the punishment which they had merited by the guilt of their Husbands, and leave an everlasting memory thereof to future ages. See *Mr. Evelins* parallels of Architecture.

Page 10. line 5.

Dark Hieroglyphick scratches thick are twin'd,
The Fretworks of a discomposed mind.

The mind when it is distracted, over-burden'd, and sunk down by many troublesome and anxious thoughts, vents it self in a thousand several little whimsys, which give a present ease and diversion; like Opiates, that may allay an immediate pain, though not cure the disease. In the various fermentations of thoughts, it works up into those bubbles of phancy, which are as it were the scum and froth of a turbulent and unquiet Soul.

Page 13. line 11.

Of huge-limb'd *Typhon* under *Ætna* cast.

Typhon was one of the Gyants who made War against the Gods, whom *Jupiter* overcame with his Thunder-bolts, and imprisoned under Mount *Ætna*.

Page 13. line 13.

Of *Sultans* younger Sons, and their hard fate.

Among most of the *Asian* Territories, the Elder Son when he comes to the Crown, either puts to death, or imprisons all his younger Brothers, the better to secure his Throne, and to prevent all Conspiracies and Mutinies that might otherwise be made against him.

Page 13. line 15.

Of *Bellisarius* begging —

Bellisarius was a great Captain under the Emperor *Justinian*,

nian, who after he had been eminently successful in his Victories over the *Persians*, *Goths* and *Vandals*, was by the malice of some envious detractors, not only turned out of his Princes favour, and deprived of his sight, but reduced to that extream penury, that he was forced to beg by the wayside, the Alms and Benevolence of those passengers that travell'd by, and with miserable accent crave their assistance, in these mournful words: *Date obolum Bellisario, viator, quem Invidia, non Culpa cecavit.*

Page 14. line 5.

The porch to pass of the *Eburnean Gate*.

There were two Portals, from whence all Dreams were said to proceed; the Horny, and the Ivory. The Phantastick, Melancholy, and Chimerical, came forth at the Ivory Gate; the coherent and true, at the Horny. *Verderius* in his Book *de Imaginibus Deorum*, gives this reason for the allusion: The true ones are said to proceed from the Horny, rather than the Ivory, because, if it be not cut out into over-great proportions of thickness, it is always clear and transparent; but Ivory cut into never so small pannels, let it be shaved to the utmost thinness, it is always dark and opaque. I choose the later for their dreams to proceed from, as being generally agreeable to their thoughts in the day-time, phantastical, cloudy, and incoherent.

Page 15. line 11.

And he's like to a Vestal Virgin shut

In darksome Cell, when as the blaze is out.

As those Vestals, when the Sacred Fire was out, were shut up in dark Cells and Vaults; so is he, his flames being extinguished;

tinguished; and if his Creditors prove merciless, may probably undergo the same fate too, pine to death for want of convenient Food. For *Vesta* was the Goddess of Elemental Flame; and in the innermost part of her Temple, was a fire suspended in the air in pots of earth, kept always alive by the Vestal Virgins. When it hapned by some misfortune to be extinct, some fearful accident did immediately follow to the *Roman* Empire; therefore they did punish the Virgins by whose negligence the fire did go out, in a very cruel manner; being condemned to be buried alive with water and bread: they underwent the same punishment also, if they lost their Virginity, which they were to keep thirty years.

Page 16. line 8.

And for the fruitful Boughs, the Bars are found.

Instead of his Children, which used to accompany with him, and are compared to the fruitful branches of the Olive, he is surrounded with bare and naked Walls, rusty Bars, and dismal Bolts.

Page 17. line 10.

Attending on the *Biolychnium*.

Βιολύχνιον *Lampas vite*, the vital flame or innate heat, to wit, that animal fire, which by the help of the plastick virtue, being first kindled in the Colliquament, and afterwards in the blood, shines and burns in the heart, as in its proper Focus: and from thence, together with the blood and spirits by the Arteries every way diffused and spread abroad, it heats, cherishes, and enlivens all the parts of the body. We live no longer than this Vestal fire is preserved and maintained in the Altar of the Heart; that being either suffocated, or by the want of fuel extinct, we immediately dye.

dye. *Hippocrates* calls it *ἔκπυρον πῦρ ignis ingenitus*; *Aristotle*,
ἡ ἐν τῇ καρδίᾳ τῆς ψυχῆς ἐκπύρεσις Accensio animæ in corde.

Page 18. line 4.

All forc'd assertors, of an Apathy.

All Passion is created by something a more than ordinary motion of the Blood and Spirits. Now we suppose our Prisoner by having either his thoughts continually fixed upon sad objects, or by want of those preparatives, by way of due Meats and Drinks, which may aptly animate the blood, to have it almost stagnate in his veins, and he thereby rendred insensible in a manner either of pain or pleasure; and so has by an unfortunate necessity, reduced himself to that temper, which the Stoicks so much endeavour to be Masters of, and brag of when attained (if ever such things were) namely an Apathy, a total conquest over all the Passions, and a perfect unconcernment at, or in the utmost pain or pleasure. The word is from a *privativa*, and *πάθος passio*.

Page 18. line 17.

Most of the wretches here enclos'd you see,
 Suffring well-nigh a *Psychopannychie*.

Ψυχῆς πανύχνα the sleep of the Soul. There were some of an opinion, that after death the Soul lay in a deep sleep, a state of perfect silence and inactivity, till the day of judgment; of whom Dr. More in his *Antipsychopannychia*, Canto 1. Stanza 5.

Has then old Adam snorted all this time,
 Under some senseless clod with sleep y'dead?
 And have those flames that steep Olympus climb
 Right nimbly wheeled o're his heedless head
 So oft in heaps of years low buried?

Stanza I I.

For sure in vain do humane Souls exist
 After this life, if lull'd in listless sleep,
 They senceless lie wrapt in eternal mist,
 Bound up in foggy clouds that ever weep
 Benumbing tears, and the Souls centre steep
 With deadning liquors, that she never minds,
 Or feeleth ought thus drench'd in Lethe deep,
 Nor misseth she her self, nor seeks nor finds
 Her self: this mirk'some state, all the Souls actions binds.

Stanza I I I. latter end.

That 'twixt this sleepy state small difference
 You'll find, and that Men call mortality.
 Plain Death's as good as such a Pſycopannychie.

There is another opinion too of the sleep of the Soul, which seems to be fram'd out of that dream of the *Stoicks*, concerning the *ἀπύρεσις* or *παλίστησις* of the World after the *ἐκπύρεσις* thereof; to wit, that when at the firing of the World, the force of that fatal Conflagration has wearied the afflicted Ghosts, as well of evil *Demons* as wicked men, into an utter recess from all matter, and thereby into a profound sleep; that after a long series of years, when not only the fury of the fire is utterly slack'd, but the vast Atmosphere of smoak and vapours, which was sent up during the time of the earths Conflagration, has returned back in copious showers of rain, that Nature recovering thus to her advantage, and becoming youthful again, and full of genital salt and moisture, the Souls of all living Creatures shall in due order awaken and revive in the cool rorid air. Which expergefaction into life, is accompanied, say they, with propensions answerable to the resolutions they made with themselves, in those fiery torments, and with which they fell into their long sleep.

Page 19. line 1.

Their Souls in the terrestrial Hyle sink.

The *υλη* of the *Platonists*, is no more than a *congeries* of corporeity, the *feces* and dregs of Matter, with which, when the Soul is so clog'd and burden'd, that she is overwhelm'd in sensuality, and cannot operate as she ought, she is said to be plung'd into. *Plotinus* defines this *Hyle* to be κακὸν ὅτιον and τὸ ἀρῶτον κακόν, the essence of evil, and the first or original Evil: and having given a reason of that perplexing question, πῶθεν τὰ κακά; what is the first Origin of Evil in the World, he writes thus; Μεμυγμένη γὰρ ἔνθ' ἡ τῆς τοῦ κόσμου φύσις ἐὰν τὸ καλὸν καὶ ἀνάγκης, καὶ ὅσα παρὰ τοῦ, εἰς αὐτὸν ἔχει ἄγαθα, τὰ δὲ κακά, ἐκ τῆς ἀρχαίας φύσεως τῆς ὕλης λειτουργίας. That the World is mixt of Intellect, and Necessity; and that those things which come from God are Good; but the Evil, are from that antique nature which is call'd *Hyle*. *Plotinus*, *Ennead. 1. lib. 8 cap. 7.*

*But nearer that to Hyle things do dive,
They are more pent, and find much lesser room.
Thus sensual Souls do find their righteous doom,
Which Nemesis inflicts, when they descend
From heavenly thoughts, that from above do come
To lower life, which wrath, and grief attend,
And scorching lust that do high honour blend.*

See Dr. Moores Poems.

Neither does this account of the origin of Evil (as is objected by some) make Matter to be essentially evil, nor the existence of evil natural and necessary: for if the Soul be so careless and negligent as to yield and stoop to its sluggish inclinations, it becomes the voluntary cause of its own evil.

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Page 22. line 1.

What harder Fate, can er'e accrew then this,
Banish'd to live in their *Metropolis*?

To be separated from, and debar'd the freedome of conversation with Relations, Friends, and acquaintance, though inhabiting in the same street, or adjacent ones; to be restrained from all the profits, delights, and advantages that accrew to those who are members of a Corporeity, is worse than a Banishment, where the want of those benefits is the better born, because not expected.

Page 22. line 5.

Their Chariots through their Portals hurry on.

Their Coaches hurry through the noted Gates of the City; which generally being strong, are made use of, as well for the custody of Prisoners, as the preservation of the City.

Page 22. line 11.

Thus amidst pleasures tantaliz'd they dwell,
And in their proper Heaven find a Hell.

Amidst a populous City, that abounds in all varieties of delights, and which might have been a proper sphere of pleasure to them, as well as their Neighbours, but for some unhappy turns of Fortune which has reduced them to this state.

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Page 22. line 13.

Known Pinnacles and Towers still appear.

Either from their windows or Battlements, if their Prisons are built so high, as most of the Gates are.

Page 24. line 1.

No Sun appears for *Persian* to implore.

The *Persians* adored *Apollo* or the Sun, in the figure of a Lion, Crown'd with a Diadem, holding the horns of an Ox in his paws. They called him *Mithra*, and actually worship'd him at his rising; preserving a sacred Fire in honour of him in their Temples.

Page 24. line 3.

Nor can th'*Ephesian* to the silver Moon.

Though several Nations did adore *Diana* or the Moon, yet the most noted place where she was Worshipped, was *Ephesus*, where she had a Temple erected, as some think, by the *Amazons*; a work of so stupendious a grandeur, that there was spent above two hundred years in finishing of it; all *Asia* contributing to this inestimable expence. It was environed with a twofold range of Columns, in form of a double *Portico*: It was in length 420 foot, upon 200 pillars, all of *Marble*; 70 foot in height, when it was burnt by *Erostratus*, who set it on fire, that his name might be rendred famous, having no other means to get renown, but by this wicked deed: whereupon, the *Ephesians* strictly commanded that none should offer to mention his Name upon pain of death.

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Page 24. line 6.

What's due to *Thetis* or *Oceanus*.

Oceanus was the Son of *Cælum* and *Vesta* ; his Effigies was much like that of the Rivers ; a Man of a prodigious size, with great horns upon his head. *Thetis* was his Wife, and Goddess of the Sea. The Sea-Divinities had their Temples usually adorn'd with the spoils of many Naval Victories.

Page 24. line 8.

Nor could the Asiatick Mountaineer,
His *Athos* or *Olympus* once reveer.

Athos was a great Mountain scituated between *Macedonia* and *Thrace*, so vast, that it cast a shade even to the Island of *Lemnos*. *Olympus* was another stupendious Mountain, between *Macedonia* and *Thessaly*, now called *Lacha* ; of that height, that the Poets often made use of it to express Heaven by ; and to *Jupiter* himself, they gave the Title of *Olympius*. They were both ador'd as Divinities.

Page 24. line 10.

No *Indian* here could worship o're-grown Tree,
Nor to the *Nile* Memphitick Priest bow knee.

The *Indians* Worshipt any thing that was monstrous, as vast Mountains, cragg'd and precipitous Rocks, over-grown Trees and Plants ; thinking some Divinity in all those productions which were not obvious or common. See *Bry's America*. Things that are great and vehement, people are subject to suspect they rise from some supernatural cause ;
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inſomuch that the Wind cannot be more than ordinarily high, but they are prone to imagine the Devil raiſed it. So rude Antiquity conceived a kind of Divinity in almoſt any thing that was extraordinary great. Whence ſome have worſhipped very tall Trees, others large Rivers; ſome a great Stone or Rock; others, ſome high and vaſt Mountains: whence the *Greeks* confound Great and Holy, in that one word *ἱερός* that ſignifies both. And the *Hebrewes*, by the Cedars of God, the Mountains of God, the Spirit of God, and the like, underſtand high Cedars, great Mountains, and a mighty Spirit or Wind. Dr. *More* in his Tractate of *Enthuſiaſm*, Sect. 16.

The River *Nilus* was repreſented in the ſhape of a Man with a great many little Children ſwarming about him; which was to repreſent the fertility and increaſe which was cauſed throughout all the Land by the over-flowing of his banks.

Page 24. line 11.

Their Garlick-Gods they might indeed adore,
And to their Onyons invocations pour.

Thoſe who actually worſhipped the Sun, Moon, Seas, Rivers, Mountains, Trees, &c. being here debar'd the ſight of them, could not pay their adorations to them: but thoſe who Worſhipped thoſe objects that might be procur'd, as the *Ægyptians* their Garlick and Onyons, they might indeed be devout, where the others could not, either in their due ſup-
plications, or apt Sacrifices. That they did moſt ſordidly adore theſe Plants, we have not only the teſtimony of Hiſto-
rians, but Poets too.

*Porum & Cepe neſus violare & frangere morſus,
O ſanctas Gentes qui his hæc naſcuntur in hortis
Numina* —

Says *Juvenal*, wittily Satyrical upon them.

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But

But surely in the time of the *Israelites* the *Aegyptians* either had not then consecrated, or had else lately degraded their Garlick and Onyon-Divinities: for the *Israelites* are upbraided for their longing after them. And Histories report, that the chief food of those who built the *Pyramids*, was from those Herbs, of which they compute with a great deal of care the expence which that food alone yearly amounted to.

Page 24. line 13.

The *Roman* his *Priapus* might attend,
And stench in fumes to *Cloacina* send.

Priapus was the most impure and shameless of all their Gods: He was also the God of Mariners and Gardens. His lap was full of Flowers and Fruits, an Emblem of Fertility; and he was painted naked, as all the other Gods and Goddesses of Love. He was sometimes named *Muta*, *Orneates*, *Lampsachus*, *Pammyle*; by which you may partly guess at his qualifications.

---To *Cloacina* send.

Cloacina was the Superintendent over Vaults and Privies. The *Romans* had increased the number of their Divinities to that excess, that not only all the Perfections and Virtues of the Soul, but even the Vices were adored as so many Goddesses: witness their *Dea Murcia*, the Goddess of Laziness; their *Dea Laverna*, the Protectress of Thieves and Robbers, who us'd to divide the spoil in the Wood where her Temple was erected, and were therefore called *Fures Lavernenses*. All publick places both in Country and City had their Deities, even to the very common shoars. Every part of a mans Life: the Infant had his *Dea Cumina*
and

and *Rumina*, Goddesses that lookt to the Child in the Cradle, and assisted it to suck. The new-married Couple had their *Deus Pater Subigus*, *Dea Mater Prema*, *Dea Viriplica*, *Dea Pertunda*, &c. Nay, every Affection of the Minde and Disease of the Body was honoured as a Deity; such were *Pavor* and *Pallor*, *Aius*, *Locutius*, whose Statue gave the Romans notice of the coming of the Gauls. *Ridiculus* was another; *Tempestas*, *Febris*, *Vicepota*, and *Vulturinus Deus*, &c. And as the Romans did enlarge their Dominions, they admitted all the Gods and Goddesses of strange Nations into their City.

Page 24. line 15.

And the *Phœnician* dayly sacrifice

To *Beelzebub*, whole *Hecatombs* of Flies.

Beelzebub the Lord of Flies was a God of *Ekyon* in *Phœnicia*, a City of the *Philistines*. Some have imagined this name to be imposed upon him by the *Israelites*, because in the Sacrifices that were offered unto him, his Priests were tormented with swarms of Flies. Now in the Sacrifice of the true God, there was not a Fly to be seen, as several learned Rabbies, and after them *Scaliger*, have taken notice. Some think him the same with *Jupiter*: for *Jupiter* is often stiled *μυῖος* ☉, *Muscarius*, or the driver away of Flies, and *μυῖοκτεγς*, and *μυῖοκτον* ☉, the killer of Flies; because the Flies are creatures formed by his immediate Agency, or because the Sun by whose heat also such Beings are produced, seem to have been committed, before the Apostacy of the Angels, to the power of him that is now the chief of the Devils,

Page 25. line 6.

Thus when the cruel *Typhon* rag'd, the Gods
Compell'd to quit their heavenly abodes,
Amongst *Egyptian* herds they liv'd enroll'd,
No ways distinguish'd from the common fold.

The Earth being concern'd for the imprisonment of her Sons the *Titans* by *Jupiter*, brought forth most terrible Giants, and dreadful Monsters, and sent them to besiege Heaven, and drive him from thence. For that intent they had their Rendezvous in *Thessaly*, in the midst of the *Plegrean* fields, where it was resolv'd by them to raise one Mountain upon another, and thus to make an easie ascent into Heaven. Among the Besiegers was *Enceladus*, *Briareus*, &c. but more especially *Typhon*, who did excel all those Monsters both in bigness of body and strength: he was said with his Head to reach the Heavens, and that he could stretch from the Northern to the Southern Pole. He was half a Man and half a Serpent, as many of the rest were; and continually belched forth fire and flame, which struck such a terror into the rest of the Gods that came to the assistance of *Jupiter*, that they betook themselves to a shameful flight, running into *Ægypt*, where they changed themselves into the forms of several Beasts and Herbs, that so they might pass undisturbed, and avoid his fury. See *Galtruchius*, and *Verderius de Imag. Deorum.*

Page 26. line 13.

Dark Mysteries like unto *Sphinx*, to tell,
Which if he's not the *Oedipus* to spell.

Sphinx was a Monster sent by *Juno* to plague the City of
Thebes

Thebes : it took up its station not far off, and proposing *Ænigmatical* questions to those that pass'd by, tore in pieces all that could not resolve them : which made the City almost desolate ; insomuch that *Creon*, who succeeded *Laius* in the Throne, promised to quit his claim to the Crown, and give *Jocasta* the Widow of *Laius*, in Marriage to him that could resolve them. For the Oracle had declared, that the City could not be freed from this mischief, till one could be found out who could give the right meaning to this Riddle of the *Sphynx* ; Which was the Creature that in the Morning did walk on four feet, at Noon on two, and in the Evening on three ? Which *Oedipus* did, telling them, It was Man, which in his infancy scrambled and crawled about upon all four, like a Beast ; In his Manhood, march'd stedfastly upon his legs, without any other support. But in his old and declining age, made use of a staff, which was as it were a third foot to assist him. Upon the resolution of the Riddle, the Monster violently beats himself to pieces against a Rock, and so delivers the Countrey from their fears and danger. Some report that this *Sphynx* was a Robber, and that the Ambages of his Riddle were the windings and turnings of a rockie Mountain, where he had seated himself to rob the passengers that went to and fro near *Thebes*.

Page 31. line 3.

Thus the *Ægyptians* solemn days do keep,
First drown their *Apis*, and then for him weep.

The *Ægyptians* did consecrate their greatest solemnities to the God *Apis*, or *Scapis* ; which was an Ox, bearing upon his hide some particular marks : he was to live a certain number of years, and then the Priests did drown him in the River *Nilus*, and all the Land did mourn and lament for his death, until another was found with the same marks

marks about him, which caused an universal rejoycing throughout the whole Country; exprest by all manner of Sports, Revellings, and Banquets. *Ovid* alludes to this in his *Fastorum*.

Et comes in pompa Corniger Apis erat.

As also *Tibullus*.

Barbara Memphiten plangere docta Bovem.

The Golden Calfe which the *Israelites* did make in the Wilderness, was in imitation of this God. *Lactantius de sapient. cap. 10.* informs us, that the Head was the Image of a Bull, therefore they did worship him as the *Aegyptians* did their *Apis*; for they did mightily rejoyce and feast themselves when it was made. It seems they intended (says *Gautruchius*, speaking of this) to adore God in the outward and visible representation of a Bull, or of a Calf, according to the custom of the *Aegyptians*; therefore they did not say To morrow there shall be a Festival to *Apis*, *Osiris*, or *Isis*, the Gods of *Egypt*; but to the Lord. So that they were so impious, as to ascribe the Sacred Name of God, to this shameful Image. The *Hebrews* tell us, that the Generation of such as were so prophane at this time; had yellow Beards growing on their faces, in remembrance of that foul sin which their fore-Fathers were so forward to commit in the Wilderness.

Page 31. line 8.

Than Patriarchs buried ere *Deucalion*.

In the time of *Deucalion*, Son of *Prometheus* King of *Thessaly*, there was an universal Deluge, that totally destroyed all living Creatures, but only himself and his Wife *Pyrha*. They replenished the Earth again by casting stones over their shoulders; being ordered to sling their Parents Bones

Bones behind them, which they presently imagined to be the Earth. This Deluge, and another that hapned in the time of *Ogyges* King of *Thebes*, are the most remarkable in the Writings of the Poets. This *Deucalion* is commended for his Piety and Justice, and is said to have built the first Temple to the Worship of God. It is plain by the circumstances mentioned in the Poets, that this Fable is borrowed from the truth of the Scripture; and who ever compares the relation of the Flood of *Deucalion* in *Apollodorus*, with that in the Scripture, might easily render *Apollodorus* his Greek, in the Language of the Scriptures, only changing *Greece* into the whole Earth, and *Deucalion* into *Noah*, *Parnassus* into *Ararat*, and *Jupiter* into *Jehovah*. On the same account the *Athenians* attribute the Flood to *Ogyges*; not that the Flood of *Ogyges* and *Deucalion* were particular and distinct Deluges, but as *Deucalion* was of the eldest memory in *Theffaly*, so was *Ogyges* at *Athens*; and so the Flood, as being a matter of remotest antiquity, was on the same account in both places attributed to both these. See *Dr. Stillingfleet Orig. sacra*, p. 587.

Page 31. line 13.

Thus like the Web *Penelope* had spun.

Penelope was the chaste Wife of *Ulysses*, who when her Husband was gone to the Wars, being extremely importuned by several who were enamoured of her, and almost in danger to be forced to a compliance, desired she might have only so much respite granted her, as whereby to finish a piece of silk she had then in the Loom: which being permitted, she, to protract time, undid in the night, what she had done in the day; and so delayed them, till such time as her Husband *Ulysses* came home.

Page

Page 35. line 5.

He's kept like *Bajazet* within the rule
Of those who only please by ridicule.

Bajazet was a proud and haughty Emperor of the Turks, who being overcome by *Tamberlain* the great Cham of *Tartary*, he carried him about in an Iron Cage, and made use of him as a footstool to get up upon his Horse.

Page 35. line 15.

Myriads to see the cruel Lictors rack
A wretched *Bessus* or *Ravilliac*.

Bessus was that traiterous President of *Bactria*, who having inhumanely Murdred his Master King *Darius*, and expecting his reward from *Alexander* the Great, had it by being torn in pieces between two Trees, his Limbs being fastned to the Branches, which were forcibly bent down, and then with a suddain spring let slip again.

—— or *Ravilliac*.

Ravilliac was that horrible villain who Murdered *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, one of the most glorious Princes of *Europe*; Stabbing him in his Coach, in the midst of all his Guards. But as he was an exquisite villain, so he had an exquisite punishment, having his hand first burnt off by the wrist, with which he performed that execrable act; he had his flesh pull'd off from several parts of his body with burning pincers; Gantlets of scalding oil clapt upon the hand and hump that was remaining, together with Boots fill'd with the same Liquor upon his Legs: having these
Tor-

Torments oft repeated ; and over as he fainted, revived again with Cordials that were at hand, whereby to be able to endure his Torments the longer. After all this, to put a final conclusion to his hated life, he was torn in pieces by four Horses.

Page 38. line 9.

—— Their great *Diana* to atone.

It was the custom of those of *Scythia Taurica*, by the Laws of the Country, to condemn all Strangers who were found within the borders of the Province, to be sacrificed upon the Altar of *Diana* ; unto whom nothing but Humane Victims were offered.

Page 42. line 9.

Hydra's within these dark recesses dwell,

And dread *Chimera's*, which no Pen can tell.

Hydra was a Serpent bred in the Lake of *Lerna*, which had Seven heads, with these qualifications ; when one was cut off, several others would spring up in the room of it. It was destroy'd by *Hercules*.

—— *Chimera's*.

Chimera was a Monster that vomited Fire and Flame ; having her Head like a Lion, her Middle like a Goat, and her Tail like that of a furious Dragon.

Page 43. line 1.

At length Despair comes in with *Gorgon*-head.

Phorcys, a Sea-god, had three Daughters called *Gorgones*, whereof one of them, to wit, *Medusa* (though heretofore a Beauty) having committed Fornication with *Neptune* in *Minerva's* Temple, had her Hair changed into Snakes; whereof the Looks alone were so horrible, that they caused every one that viewed them, to be turn'd into Stone.

Ὅμηρον γοργαίω πατρώσατο Ζήρξ θαλάσσης. Non. *Dionys. lib. 25. vers. 81.*

Page 44. line 6.

But how should they wilde Pastorals rehearse,
Quite banish'd from the sight o'th' Universe?

They may be said to be wild, either from their simplicity and plainness, (as not wanting those adornments, or requiring those high flights of Phancy, as the *Lyrick* and *Heroick*) or from the Authors of them, being conversant only with wild and rustick prospects; or (indeed more properly in this place) from the latitude of a Pastoral Poem, taking in the *Eglogue*, *Georgick*, and *Bucolick*; as also by the reason of the *Antitbesis*, the Prisoner being confined to so small a compass, and that taking in so large a Hemisphere.

Page 44. line 17.

When yellow *Ceres* does guild o're the field.

Ceres was the Mother of *Proserpina*, who was carried away and ravih'd by *Pluto*, when she went abroad upon Mount *Ætna* in *Sicily* to gather Flowers. *Ceres* hearing of her misfortune, travelled all over the World to seek after

after her : and at that time taught men to Sow, to Manure the ground, to Reap, and change their Food of Acorns into that of Bread. For that reason she was worshipped as the Goddess of Corn.

Page 45. line 1.

When plump *Pomona* —

Pomona was the super-intendent Goddess over Orchards.

Page 45. line 16.

Like *Dorick* manly, or like *Lydian* soft.

The *Dorick* Mood consisted of sober slow-tun'd notes, had its name from *Doria* a civil part of *Greece*, near *Athens*; and being grave and solemn, moveth Sobriety and Godliness, exciting a kind of Heavenly Harmony, whereby the mind is lifted up from the regard of earthly things, to those Celestial joys above.

— Or like *Lydian* soft

The *Lydian* Mood was used to solemn Musick too, being fitted to sacred Hymns and Anthems, or spiritual Songs; it had its derivation from the famous River in *Lydia* called *Pactolus*, and the winding retrograde *Meander*; representing thereby, the admirable variety of its musical sounds: allaying the passions, and charming the Affections into a sweet and pleasing temper.

Page 45. line 17.

Enrag'd they strove the *Phrygian* fierce to strike.

The *Phrygian* Mood was a more warlike and courageous
L 2 kind

kind of Musick, expressing the Musick of Trumpets and other instruments of old, exciting to Arms and activity; as *Almains*, and the like. This Mood hath its derivation from *Phrygia* (a Region bordering upon *Lydia* and *Caria*.) Many Historians have written of its rare effects in warlike preparations. But the Story of *Ericus* the Musician passes all, who had given forth that by his Musick he could drive Men into what Affections he listed; and being required by *Bonus* King of *Denmark* to put his skill in practice, he with his Harp, or *Polycord Lyra*, expressed such effectual Melody and Harmony, in the variety of changes in several Keys, and in such excellent Fugs and Spiritual Airs, that his Auditors began first to be moved with some strange passions; but ending his excellent Voluntary with some choice fancy upon this *Phrygian* Mood, the Kings passions were altered, and excited to that height, that he fell upon his most trusty friends which were near him with his fist, for lack of another Weapon: which the Musician perceiving, ended with the sober and solemn *Dorique*, which brought the King to himself, who much lamented what he had done. This is recorded at large by *Crantzins*, lib. 5. *Dania*, cap. 3. and by *Saxo-Grammaticus*, lib. 6. *Hist. Dan.*

Page 46. line 1.

Their minds too low, Pindarick heights to gain,
Nor can their sickly, and enfeebled vein,
E're hope to reach the *Dithyrambique* strain.

The *Pindaricks* were a peculiar sort of Verse, Lofty, Copious, and Vehement; with odde turns, and surprizing Transitions: of which *Pindar* was the first Author, and alone had a Genius fit to manage. *Horace* himself (who was the greatest Master among the *Latins* of the Lyrick Poetic)

Poetic) does account it a very daring enterprize for the boldest to undertake. The *Dithyrambique* was a species of it; or at leastwise, a sort of Verse which *Pindar* oft made use of, in the composure of those *Stanza's*: for indeed strictly taken, they were peculiar in the *Orgies* or Solemnities they paid to *Bacchus*; but however, that they were sometimes admitted into the *Pindaricks*, we have the testimony of *Horace*.

*Fervet, immensumque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.*

*Laurea donandus Apollinari,
Sen per audaces nova Dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis.*

Page 46. line 8.

Dismal as *Nero's* when unto his Lyre,

He sung *Troy's* fate, and set whole *Rome* on fire.

Nero set *Rome* on fire, and then plaid upon his Harp the Destruction of *Troy*. It continued burning seven days. He afterwards fathered the conflagration upon the Christians. See *Suetonius*.

Page 46. line 10.

Mournful as *Ovid's* when to *Pathmos* Isle.

Ovid was banished to the Isle of *Pathmos*, for his being suspected to have debauched *Julia* the Daughter of *Augustus*.

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Page 47. line 10.

But a mishapen *Fætus* forth was brought.

Fætus is the *Embryo*, or Child in the Womb.

Page 48. line 5.

The Bards of old compos'd their well-tun'd Lore,
And the discerning *Druids* sung of yore.

The *Bards* and *Druids* were the antient Poets, Lawgivers, and Philosophers of this Island; especially the latter. These *Druids* had their peculiar seat in the Isle of *Man*; they took their name from the *Greek* word *δρῦς*, which signifies an Oak; they having no other publick Schools in which they read their learned Lectures, than Oaken Groves.

Page 48. line 14.

But does like *Memnon's* Statue vocal prove.

Memnon was the Son of *Tithonus* and *Aurora*, who went to the *Trojan* War to the assistance of *Priam*, and was there chalenged into the field, and kill'd by *Achilles*, in a single fight; at which loss *Aurora* was extreamly afflicted; wherefore when his Body was in the flames upon the Pile, she changed him into a Bird. The *Egyptians*, to honour his valour, did dedicate unto him a brazen Statue; of which it is reported, that when it was visited with the beams of the Morning-Sun, it appeared extreamly pleasant, and yielded a grateful Harmony to the Ears.

Page

Page 49. line 4.

O mystical *Antiperistasis*.

An *Antiperistasis* is, where there is a repulsion on every part; whereby either heat or cold is made more strong in it self, by the restraint of the contrary.

Page 49. line 6.

What fam'd *Collyrium* better to the sight.

Collyrium is an Ointment appropriated to the cure of sore Eyes.

Page 51. line 5.

[own;

From their retreats, these must their concourse

Had they not been, no Cities had been known.

The deepest o'th' Foundations e're was laid,

Was dug by Poets in a rural shade.

They in their retirements found not onely the Laws of Moral Prudence and Policie, but were the first who gave the hints of the Mathematical Sciences; as *Aratus*, *Lucretius*, *Marcus Manilius*, do abundantly testifie: for being naturally contemplative, they could not dully view the Heavens without considering the Motions both of the Planets and Stars: nay, they were so far from being idle Speculators, that they were the first who distinguished them into Constellations, and Canopy'd the skies with Tapestry of their own making. Neither did they stick in this part of the Mathematicks alone, but gave the rules of Measure and Proportion. *Virgil*, descends so low, as to do it in the very

very niceties of a Plough, Harrow, Spade, and several other rural instruments,

There is scarce a Pillar in the Orders of Building, but has a considerable piece of Poetry in the very structure of it. The rusticity and meanness of the *Tuscan*, may be compared to a plain Country Man, who goes unadorned, and with no other cloathing than what serves either to cover his nakedness, or keep off the injuries of the weather. The profuse and luxurious delicacy of the *Corinthian*, comes very near the garb and meen of a nice and spruce Courtier, adorned with all his habiliments to fit him for the Presence. The *Dorique* has the similitude of a robust and strong Man, such as an *Hercules* might be, whom we never represent but on his bare feet; Bases being no ways proper to this Order. The *Ionique* is composed after the Module of a Feminine Beauty, to which we may suit all the rest of its parts; as the *Voluta's* of the Capital, to the mode of the Head-tire and Tresses of Womens hair; the *Viva* or shaft of the Column, to their airy and delicate shape. The flutings and channelling, to the plaits of their Robes; and the Base, to the buskin'd ornament of their legs and feet. No doubt where there is so sweet a contexture and harmony, the Poet had as great a share in the raising of it, as the Carver, if not the guiding of his hand; and consequently may be said to have had the leading stroke in the building of the most August Cities.

Page 51. line 9.

They taught the World civility : from thence
Each future Corporation did commence.

In the elder times, when Men first began to creep out of *Barbarism*, especially among the *Greeks*, all the Philosophy and instruction they had was from their Poets, and was

was all couched in Verse. Which *Plutarch de Pyth. Orac.* not only confirms, but particularly instanceth in *Orpheus*, *Hesiod*, *Parmenides*, *Xenophanes*, *Empedocles*, and *Thales*; and hence *Horace de arte Poetica*, of the Ancient Poets before *Homer*,

— fuit hæc sapientia quondam
 Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis:
 Concubini prohibere uago: dare jura maritis:
 Oppida moliri: leges incidere ligno.
 Sic honor & nomen divinis Vatribus, atque
 Carminibus venit.

Hence, as *Heinsius* observes, the Poets were anciently called *Θησικαλοί*. and the antient Speeches of the Philosophers containing matters of Morality, were call'd *ῥητορικὰ καὶ ἀθροτικά*. For the novelty and pleasingness of Poetry, did presently insinuate it self into the minds of Men, and thereby drew them to a venerable esteem, both of the persons and practices of those who were the Authors of them. Thus *Orpheus* was exceedingly acceptable to the people for his skill in Musick and Poetry; which the *Thracians* and *Macedonians* were much delighted with: from which arose the Fable of his drawing Trees and wild Beasts after him, because his Musick and Musical Poems, had so great influence upon the civilizing that people, who were almost grown rude through Ignorance and Barbarisme: and so *Horace* explains it.

Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum
 Cædibus, & viciu fado deterruit Orpheus;
 Dictus ob hoc lenire Tigres, rabidosque Leones.

He was called by the Mythologists the Son of *Calliope*, as *Plutarch de Pyth. Orac.* says an antient Scoliaſt upon *Hesiod*, as the inventor of Poetical Elegan-

cy, and the sacred Hymns which were made to the Gods, which the old *Romans* called *Affamenta*.

Ὁρμεύς μὲν γὰρ τέλος τὸ ἡμῶν κατείδετο

Φίλων τ' ἀπύχου. Aristophanes in his βάλανχοι.

The *Romans* when they invaded us, confess what power the *Druids* and *Bards* had over the peoples affections, by recording in Songs the deeds of Heroick spirits; their Laws and Religion being sung in Tunes, and so without Letters, transmitted to posterity; wherein they were so dextrous, that their Neighbours came hither to learn it.

Page 51. line 13.

And our first Tutors Groves by *Storge's* own.

That is, so far our first Tutors as they were objects that gave occasion of contemplation to our fore-fathers, from whose brains the better part of what we have of Learning is derived.

Στήγη signifies an ingenite Love, a natural Affection, such as is between Parents and Children, from Στήγη *diligo*.

Page 51. line 17.

Boscage within each Chamber must be shown.

Boscage is any piece of Sculpture or Painting, the main part of which consists in the representation of thick Woods, shady Groves, dark Grotts, &c.

Page 52. line 2.

The grand *Corinthian* with its beauteous shade.

Mr. *Evelin* in his parallels of Architecture, gives this account of it out of *Vitruvius*.

A Virgin of *Corinth* being now grown up, fell sick and dyed : the day after her Funerals, her Nurse having put into a Basket certain small Vessels and Trifles, with which she was wont to divertise her self whilst she lived, went out and set them upon her Tomb ; and lest the air and weather should do them any injury, she covered them with a Tyle : now the Basket being accidentally placed upon the root of an *Acanthus* or great Dock, the herb beginning to sprout at the spring of the year, and put forth leaves, the stalk thereof creeping up along the sides of the Basket, and meeting with the edges of the Tyle (which jetted out beyond the Margin of the Basket) were found (being a little more ponderous at the extreame) to bend their tops downwards, and form a pretty kind of natural *Voluta*. At this time it was that the Sculptor *Callimachus* (who for the delicateness of his work upon Marble, and gentleness of his invention, was by the *Athenians* surnamed *Catatechnos* (that is to say, Industrious) passing near this Monument, began to cast an eye upon this Basket, and to consider the pretty tenderness of that ornamental Foliage, which grew about it; the manner and form whereof so much pleas'd him for the Novelty, that he shortly after made Columns at *Corinth* resembling this Model, and ordained its Symmetries, distributing afterwards in his Works Proportions agreeable to each of its other Members, in conformity to this *Corinthian* Mode.

Page 55, line 1.

But sighing mourns the lost *Apollo's* rays,

And dire remove to the dead sticks from Bays.

His being removed from sporting among the green and flourishing Trees, and confin'd to a Cage made of their wood.

Page 55. line 10.

Which like *Pandora's* box, contagious powre.

By the order of *Jupiter*, *Pandora* went to *Epimetheus* with a box full of Evils and Diseases, as a present from the Gods: as soon as he had opened it, to see what was in it, they flew abroad, and scattered and dispersed themselves into all parts and corners of the Earth.

Page 55. line 18.

From whose first hot embraces *Tagus* run.

Tagus is a River, whose sand is reported to have a great deal of Gold mixt with it. It springs in *Celtiberia* at the foot of the Mountain *Sierra di Molina*; and running by *Toledo* and *Lisbon*, empties it self into the West Ocean.

Page 56. line 3.

Sink steep *Potosi*, and thy teeming Womb.

Potosi is a Mountain stor'd with the richest Mines of all the Western *Indies*.

Page 56. line 11.

Great *Montezuma* might refresh his Ghost.

Montezuma was that great and August Emperour of *Mexico*, who was ignominiously and basely put to death by the *Spaniards*, having been first racked to confess where his Treasure lay; which, notwithstanding all the severity of his Torments, he could never be brought to discover,

Page

Page 56. line 12.

And all the Troops of the *Tlaxcallan* hoast,

The *Tlaxcallans* were one of the most valiant and war-like people in the Northern parts of *America*: they, after a stout resistance, and many intreaties, did assist *Ferdinando Cortez* against the *Mexicans*, and were a main help to him in reducing that potent Empire; for which they to this day enjoy several Priviledges from his Catholick Majesty above the rest of their Neighbours.

Page 56. line 13.

Pern's dread *Ynca* if alive might see,

The Victors progeny more slaves then he.

Ynca was a general Title to the Emperours of *Peru*, as *Cesar* to the *Roman*, *Sophy* and *Sultan* to the *Persian*, *Grand Seigneur* to the *Turk*, &c.

FINIS.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST



ERRATA.

PAge 4. line 6. *read* Fearless of an Attachment to be made. p. 11.
 l. 2. *for* And all our reason, *read* And our best reason. p. 11.
 l. 11. *for* Hopes often qualst and sunk, *read* Hopes qualst'd,
 and well nigh sunk. p. 12. l. 3. *for* Breast, *read* Breasts. p. 12. l. 9.
read property. p. 13. line 11. *for* Python, *read* Typhon. p. 19. l. 1.
 blot out are, and *for* the Greek *was* it should be in the Roman Character
 Hyle. p. 19. line 5. *read* Such opiates their lethargick liquors prove.
 p. 27. line 2. *read* Or in long durance and restraint be kept. p. 28. l. 8.
read From whence his rayes he might reflected view. p. 28. l. 12. *for*
 All the Rascals, *read* All the train still. p. 29. Blot out the two first
 Verses. p. 31. l. 1. *for* to, *read* doe. p. 32. the Lines 11, 12, 13, 14, 15,
 16. should have been omitted. p. 46. l. 1. *for* to, *read* too. p. 79. l. 30.
for none, *read* done.

